

# *THE MOCKERS*

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THE MOCKERS

AND OTHER VERSES



# THE MOCKERS

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

JANE BARLOW

AUTHOR OF "IRISH IDYLLS," "IRISH NEIGHBOURS," ETC. ETC.

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## ERRATUM

*Page 48, for οἴχῳ read οἴκῳ*

*The Mockers*



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## DEDICATION

Ἄλλὰ γὰρ νόστου πρόφασις γλυκεροῦ κώλυεν μεῖναι

*LONG time to look unseeing ever, and hearken  
Even so, nor hear,  
Makes bold despair indeed, heart's heart of fear,  
While brood and darken  
Wide wings of shadow and silence, whither sped  
Down weary ways  
Go joy-bereft, of hope uncomforted,  
Our sad swift days.*

*What power yet past you shadowy silent dread  
Should pierce betraying  
The secret of our doom? One gleam forth-rayng,  
One soft word said;  
For though but echoing faint, but phantom-frail,  
Sound breathe, light shine,  
From springs eterne of life that shall not fail  
Comes thrilled the sign.*

*Nay here if now our baffled thought be holden  
From seeking far,  
About these paths, lo, flowers set star on star  
In twilights golden;  
And woodland waters leap, and music flows*

## DEDICATION

*Through heavenly rift,  
And crystal airs of dawn their rippling rose  
O'er still meres drift.*

*But ye, who turned from many a gracious gift,  
Earth's greeting kindly,  
Nor stayed your quest, for eyes that gaze so blindly  
The cloud to lift,  
The dark rune read, whence blissful lore we learn  
As they who roam  
And see at last o'er wilds untrodden burn  
Old lights of home,  
Lost lights of love: O ye, who have crossed much daring  
The dimness yonder,  
Of comrades mindful yet who mourn and wander,  
Speed, speed far-faring  
The Sign, hope's shaft that cleaves the core of fear,  
Winged soothsay, strong  
To awaken in our shadow shining clear,  
In silence, song.*

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## THE MOCKERS

### I

QUARE and black and white it looks along by  
the strand this day,  
Wid the snow lit like foam on the foam, and  
the sky's dark as dark on the say—  
There's a little white gull sittin' out on it,  
swimmin' and swimmin' away—  
And the weeds all tossed up on the edge of  
the wet like a layer of fire-scorched hay,  
Turf-black through the froth and the flakes.  
Faith, 'tis heaped up a won'erful height ;  
You could tell by the same that the beach got  
a great ould lambastin' last night  
Wid the win' and the waves. Look ye yonder  
they've tumbled a cartload of stones  
From the ind of the Callaghans' bit of a boat-  
slip, that nobody owns.

## THE MOCKERS

But I see th' ould boat's lyin' there yet, right  
enough, ne'er a hurt has she tuck—  
She'd that hole in her ribs for this long while.  
That's only the nathur of luck :  
If it's good for a thraneen she was, she'd be  
sunk the first blusther that blew,  
But the storms let the likes of her rest, till  
there's no better harm they can do.

### II

That's another ould wreck up above there,  
crouched under the rock in a cleft :  
Just the eye-holes of windows and doors, and  
the bones of the rafters is left.  
'Twas the Callaghans' house, they that owned  
the ould boat, but it's many a year  
Since they quit, and the last folks they'll be,  
sartin sure, will try housekeepin' here ;  
For—the Saints be among us—a somethin' there  
was at that doorway went in  
Makes the sorrow a soul of us wishful a fut to  
set through it agin.



## THE MOCKERS

### III

They were dacint poor men, the two Callaghans,  
both of them, father and son,  
Ould Dan and Young Dan, and his slip of a  
lad ; there was niver a one  
Had a word's breath agin them. 'Twas fishin'  
they lived by, and fishin' ye might say  
Just destroyed them. That's raison; for keepin'  
on livin' 's the sartinest way  
To your dyin' at last. Howane'er, they rowed  
out wid their nets for a try,  
The two Dans, on a day towards the winter,  
mistrustin' the look of the sky,  
And considerin' they'd take aught they could,  
ere a storm riz upon them outright ;  
So they left little Mick in the house there, and  
said they'd be home afore night.

And they pulled out beyant Inish Cranagh,  
but scarcely a fin did they take,  
And the most that they had was a dab of a  
brill, and a couple of hake,

## THE MOCKERS

When they turned to run in: for they seen  
out to say 'twas a ruffle of black,  
Like a hin when she sets up her feathers on  
ind wid the win' in her back,  
And the Bay they well knew 'ud be rowlin'  
around them, and thickenin' wid foam,  
If they gave it a minyit. "Bedad," says Ould  
Dan, "we'd been better at home  
For what all we'll bring in, lad, this night."  
Aye, true for him, and better indeed.  
So they presently come where the low shelvin'  
rocks is all welterin' wid weed,  
And 'twas there they tuck somethin'—God help  
them, the crathurs, they'd better ha' sted  
To the world's ind at home, if 'twas starvin'  
itself, aye, or under the tide drowndin' dead.

### IV

Some misfort'nit poor lad of a sailor it was,  
lyin' there on the wrack,  
Where the waves, drainin' off, left him tossed,  
and they thinkin', mayhap, to run back

## THE MOCKERS

At the tide's turn, and steel him away, like a  
cat when she's playin' around  
Wid a wee little mouse she's half kilt, lettin'  
on that it's lost and it's found,  
Pouncin' after it. But, wirra, the len'th of  
three days they'd been havin' their game  
Wid the crathur adrift through the wild lone-  
some says from wherever he came.

Well, Young Dan spied the bit of blue jacket,  
lapt up in the weed that was spread  
Like a net on the rocks; 'twas th' unluckiest  
sight the two eyes in his head  
Ever seen. So they laid him—what else could  
they do?—in the bows of the boat,  
For the last of his farin' by say, and they  
covered the face wid a coat  
From the rays that were reachin' their longest  
far out of the west, red and low,  
O'er the roll of the ridges; and home wid  
them straightways they settled to row.  
And the sorrow a word did the two of them  
spake any more than the one

## THE MOCKERS

That had said all he would : and a cloud riz  
behind them and put out the sun,  
Till the shadows slid after them, runnin' a race  
wid the moan of the win' ;  
And it's leppin' the say was, and droppin' the  
darkness before they got in.

### v

But they'd seen burnin' bright on the water  
and brighter the light through their door,  
You'd ha' thought 'twas a spark from the sun-  
set blown into a nook on the shore ;  
Ne'er a soul better plaised than themselves to  
be comin' in reach of it all,  
When they'd made the ould slip there, and  
fastened the boat to the ring in the wall ;  
And they legged it up over them sayweedy  
tussocks wid fut and wid hand,  
Like a couple of crabs clamberin' back to the  
tide o'er a width of wet sand  
In a hurry for 'fraid 'twould run out on them  
fast. For the say and the sky

## THE MOCKERS

Had got roarin' and whirlin' and driftin' to-  
gether afar and anigh,  
Till the one thing sted still was the crathur  
they'd left; but the place where he lay  
Seemed the roost of the dark and the dread that  
flew wild through the sky and the say.  
So it's hot-fut each followed the blink of the  
hearth wid the thought in his mind  
'Twas the night and the storms and the cold  
and the dead they were lavin' behind.

### VI

And widin in their bit of a house you might  
aisy forget all the like,  
Though the win' howled as mad as a wolf, and  
the black dark stood thick as a dyke.  
For the firelight danced over it, round and  
around like the shine of bright waves  
When they blink at you up through the boughs,  
where the sun's blown about in the laves;  
And stars' blazes it lit in the delft on the wall,  
and the supper things set,

## THE MOCKERS

That poor Micky, the spalpeen, had waitin'  
this great while, wid wishin' to get  
To the ind of his long lonesome day. But it's  
hungry they grew to behold  
The big wheatenmeal cake, and their jar of the  
crathur that keeps out the cold.  
And they sat themselves down by the flare of  
their hearth, wid their bit and their drink,  
And the comfort drew out of their minds every  
thought that was dreary to think.

### VII

But Ould Dan, says he: "Musha, where's Mick?"  
and Young Dan says: "I bid him to skyte  
And fetch in th' ould oars out of her; safer  
they'll be under cover this night;  
Wid this win' drivin' flurries before it, the  
waves 'ill come ridin' our strand  
Like a hunt at a twenty-inch dyke, fit to sweep  
o'er the breadth of the land.  
Bottom up she belike might be floatin' 'gin  
morn, or broke fine on the shore.

## THE MOCKERS

He'll be back now," says Dan. And wid that  
come the oar's butt-ınd bumpin' the door,  
And the gossoon ducked under it, liftin' it up,  
and the most he could do,  
Till he leaned it down slantin' along by the  
wall ; and says he to the two :  
"And who's he then at all you have lyin'  
below in the bows of the boat ?  
Fast asleep he is body and bones, wid the head  
of him lapt in his coat.  
So I told him the supper was ready widin, but  
I'm doubtin' he heard  
Through the blasts of the win' ; 'twas a great  
shout I let, but himself never stirred.  
Is it drinkin' he was ? He'd do right anyway  
to wake up and git home,  
For the storm's comin' fierce wid the tide ; out  
to say's all a lather of foam.  
He might safer go sleep in his coffin," says Mick,  
"than the boat where she lies."

Sure the Divil's the same as ourselves : he  
can't tell what he'll do till he tries ;

## THE MOCKERS

And it's fairly surprised some odd whiles he  
must be wid the folks that he finds  
He can fool. Who'd ha' guessed the two Dans  
'ud go take such a thought in their minds,  
And they dacint poor men all the while? But  
they let a coarse laugh at the lad,  
And says Young Dan to him: "Was it drinkin'  
you said? Ay, true for you, bedad—  
Just a drop he's been takin' too much in a place  
where there's drinkin' galore;  
That's what ails him. But run you, and bid him  
step in if he's wishful for more.  
He'll be hard-set to hear you, for into his  
dreams he's gone terrible deep;  
Mind you wake him," says Dan; and "No fear,"  
says the lad, "I'll not lave him asleep."

### VIII

Ah now, what was it else save the Divil's own  
trick put that plan in their head,  
To be sendin' the innicent child after makin' a  
mock of the Dead?



## THE MOCKERS

And themselves that had often enough come as  
nigh as the shore to the say  
To ha' gone the same road, when a squall  
caught them suddint out sailin' away,  
Or they'd seem to be strokin' stone walls wid  
a straw, rowin' home for their lives  
Through the waves that the win' turned agin  
themlike flocks that the Ould Fellow drives,  
Till they scarce could believe in their luck,  
when they'd left them rampagin' behind,  
And got off wid the breath in their bodies, bone-  
drenched, and half dazed, and half blind.  
So themselves sittin' warm by the hearth, in  
their own little house, safe and sound,  
Might be sorry, you'd think, for the lad lyin'  
cold in the dark dead and drowned,  
Let alone risin' laughs on him. Och but 'twas  
laughin' they'd raison to rue :  
For a cruel bad job it was surely ; aye, in troth  
'twas no thing to go do.

## THE MOCKERS

### IX

Howane'er Micky ran as they bid him, and  
back he came peltin' as fast,  
Wid his face shinin' wet, for the spray was like  
handfuls of rain on the blast,  
And the surf on the shingle roared behind him  
hard by as he opened the door ;  
So Ould Dan says : " Sure now you weren't long  
over wakenin' him, Micky asthore.  
What at all did he say then ? A notion we had  
he was bothered or dumb."  
And says Mick : " He said little enough ; ne'er  
a word but just only : ' I'll come.' "

### X

And wid that for a minyit the men saw the  
thought growin' black in their eyes,  
Starin' each at the other, and Young Dan roared  
to Mick : " Arrah whist wid your lies !"  
And the gossoon slunk back in the dark of the  
corner afeared of his look,

## THE MOCKERS

For no better or worser he knew. But the two  
sinful crathurs were took  
Wid a dread they'd no hole to be hidin' from  
in, though their souls they'd ha' gave  
To be findin' one. Aye, if the Divil himself  
up and offered them lave  
Through a chink of the door to his own place,  
behind it they'd liefer ha' crep'  
Than bide still where they were. Says a one of  
them : " That was a step, man, a step  
There outside on the shingle." And th' other  
says : " Sorrow a sound did you hear  
Save the say breakin' high on the rocks. Troth,  
it's comin' unnathural near ;  
But it's never a step. What was that though ?  
Och Dan, what at all might you see ?  
Somethin' dark there was went past the window."  
" You fool, you, what else would it be  
Only just some quare flicker of the firelight  
that's glimpsin' there flapped on the pane  
Like a shadow ? But hark you to that—Saints  
above, how it's pourin' wid rain.

## THE MOCKERS

For there's somethin' drip-drippin' outside."

"And what else would the thatch do but drip  
In a shower? Else you'd say—Faith, the win's  
got the door in a powerful grip,

'Twill be apt to blow in on us, rattlin' and  
shakin' "—" "Ochone, look you man,  
Would the win' lift the latch? But it's liftin',  
it's liftin' in somebody's han'."

Aye 'twas openin' the door was. They craved  
for their boat, and she settlin' to sink.

For what come through it—Mercy betwixt us  
and harm!—you'd be wise not to think.

## XI

Well, next mornin', it happint, come two or  
three lads passin' here on the shore,  
And seen somethin' amiss wid the Callaghans'  
place, and went up to the door;  
But they found it flat-fallen, and the house-  
floor streeled over wid wisps of wet wrack,  
Like as if 'twas a share of the beach, and a  
wave after just runnin' back.

## THE MOCKERS

And the table stood set for the supper. They  
said it 'ud turn your head white  
To behold what was standin' up leanin' agin it.  
God help them that night,  
The poor souls, when they seen what they'd  
brought wid their jeerin' and foolin' the child.  
And Young Dan was crouched up in a corner,  
clean daft, wid his eyes starin' wild,  
And the sorrow a sinsible word, only screechin'  
to keep it away.  
But Ould Dan and poor Mick man nor mortal's  
seen trace of by lan' or by say.

## XII

'Twas Young Dan told the story. He's up  
at the 'Sylum this ten or twelve year,  
And the most of the time you might talk till  
you're tired; he'll not see you nor hear,  
But sit mopin' and lost. Only now and agin  
it comes clear in his head,  
And he'll tell you the whole, fit to freeze your  
heart cold in its beatin' wid dread.

## THE MOCKERS

Then mayhap the next minyit 'twill clever and  
clean be slipped out of his mind,  
Like the bubbles that break in their clouts of  
white foam, and lave nothin' behind.

Sure it's luckier he is disremimberin' than  
some that keep hold of their wit ;  
For there's many a black trouble, God knows,  
you'd go mad for the chance to forgit.

## A FORESEER

### I

AY, sure that was owld Owen MacDonnell you  
seen, ma'am, himself that lives lone  
Up above on Knockeevin; true for you, he  
wouldn't come next you or nigh,  
But take off wid him, scared like a hare, or  
a crow that might happen to spy  
Wid its eye-corner somebody standin' and  
stoopin' to gather a stone.  
'Tis this long while he's bidin' up yonder, and  
raison and good raison why.

### II

They be quare in themselves, them MacDon-  
nells, unchancy and strange; I've heard said  
Ne'er a sowl's after gettin' his death on our  
Inish by land or by say,

## A FORESEER

But among the MacDonnells was one could  
ha' towld of it many a day  
Ere the scraws were cut square on his grave,  
or the wather closed over his head ;  
For 'tis more than their neighbours they know  
and they see in the times far away.

Folks there be that the same sort of sight  
is a gift wid from father to son,  
And from mother to daughter ; I mind all the  
young ones was goin' in dread,  
When meself was a girl, of owld Molly's black  
cloak and her petticoat red ;  
If we spied her along on the road, to the dykes  
and the ditches we'd run.  
'Tis herself that was grandfather's sister to  
Owen, and thirty year dead,  
But there's talk in it yet wid our folk of the  
quare cruel turn Molly done  
Agin Norah Gillespie.

### III

Poor Norah was only a slip of a lass,  
And as pretty as ever you'd wish to behowld,  
the fine Sunday in Lent



## A FORESEER

That herself and meself and Grace Farrell  
was watchin' folk coming from Mass,  
On the road there alongside the well, where  
it runs by our goat's bit of grass,  
And sure, sorra the atom of harm in the  
world e'er a one of us meant,  
But just lookin' and laughin' light-hearted;  
when who should mis-happen to pass  
Save old Molly MacDonnell, limped by wid  
her stick, and her beads in a bag,  
And she mutterin' away as she went. So says  
Norah Gillespie to me,  
Bein' strange in this place: "Och to goodness,"  
says Norah, "and who, now, is she?"  
But whoever it is, sure and sartin herself is  
the ugly owld hag."

Well, ma'am, louder she spoke than she  
thought, or the wind gave a lift to the word,  
For it's round Molly turned on a suddint as  
if she was called by her name,  
And you couldn't misdoubt by the look of her  
face that she'd heard what she'd heard;

## A FORESEER

And then hobblin' back straight to the place where  
we stood, still and frightened, she came,  
Wid her eyes howldin' Norah, till only the  
len'th of her short shadow lay  
'Twixt them both. And says she : "Owld and  
ugly, in troth 'tis meself is that same ;  
But as ugly and owld as I am, and as young  
and as bowld as you be,  
Truth I tell you," says Molly, "the next time  
the people are passin' this way,  
'Tis the face of me, ugly and owld, they'll be  
liker and liefer to see  
Than your face."

And that week was scarce out  
ere the girsheach was cowl'd in her clay.

### IV

So small blame to us all if afeard we do be  
of the folk that can pry  
Round the corners ahead on the road we must  
travel whate'er may befall,  
And come scaldin' some poor crathur's heart  
wid bad luck he'd ne'er think of at all

## A FORESEER

Till it dropped wid a flash at his feet like a  
fire-ball lit out of the sky;  
And 'tis better than walkin' in grief, since you  
know where the black shadows lie,  
That your frettin' beforehand will stir from  
your way when it stirs a stone wall.

### v

But I'll tell you what happint that time  
when owld Owen quit out of the town,  
And took off to the shanty above on the hill.  
'Twas a cowld winter's night  
And I stepped round to see was it seven, for  
but seldom our clock does be right,  
At Nan Reilly's, that married me brother Pat  
Doyne. So she bid me sit down  
Till she'd wet us a cup of hot tay; and the  
two of us there by the light  
Of her fire in discoorse had the house to our-  
selves, sorra foot on the floor,  
Barrin' Dermot MacNeill, sittin' back of the  
settle, and he splicin' an oar,

## A FORESEER

Sister's son to Nan Reilly, and ever a dacint  
lad, steady and quite ;  
But that evenin' discouraged he seemed, in  
a way, spakin' hardly a word  
Bad or good. Well, ma'am, all of a suddint,  
and faix but it gave us the fright,  
Come a terrible knock on the door, like as  
if some great weight of a bird  
Druv agin it headforemost, and struck herself  
dead in the midst of her flight ;  
Yet no bird 'twas at all, for the voice there  
of somebody callin' we heard :  
*Let me in ! let me in ! let me in !* like one frantic,  
and rattlin' the latch,  
Until Dermot, that lep' up to pull back the  
cross-bar as quick as he might,  
Flung the door open wide, and who else should  
stand black 'twixt the snow and the thatch  
Except Maureen Ni Meara, me cousin, that  
people said hadn't her match  
For a beauty in all of the Inishes? Ay, for  
sure, thrimblin' and white,

## A FORESEER

It was Maureen herself. And "Och Felix," says  
she, grippin' Dermot's arm tight,  
"I'm afeard." For at first, runnin' out of the  
dark, in her flurry she thought  
'Twas her bachelor Felix, the brother of Dermot;  
but soon as she seen,  
Like a lapwing she darted away from him  
straight, and a howld of me caught,  
And: "What scared you, alanna?" says Nan,  
and says she: "Comin' up the boreen,  
There was Owen MacDonnell, that called me  
and beckoned, and bid me to wait,  
So I run like the win', because well do I know  
if he stopped me for aught,  
'Twas some cruel misfortune he'd tell me he  
knew of as sartin as fate,  
That 'ud frighten me life out," says Maureen,  
and wrapped up her head in her shawl  
Agin hearin'. And "Whist," says Nan Reilly,  
"child, dear, we'll be lettin' him call;  
Sorra foot he'll set in it this night, and the  
sorra bad fortune he'll tell—

## A FORESEER

Draw the bolt," says she, "Dermot avic, in  
God's name!" But her word was too late,  
For that minyit she spoke it we seen the door  
move, as we heard the hinge grate,  
And the moon shinin' clear behind Owen him-  
self where his black shadow fell.

### VI

And a hand or a foot ne'er a one of us  
stirred, standin' listenin' in dread,  
Like as if some comether he put on us all  
till we'd hear what he said;  
Musha, better we knew than be biddin' him  
whist wid that look in his eyes,  
For as aisy you'd hinder the lightnin' of  
burnin' its track through the skies.  
And says he: "Listen, Maureen Ni Meara,  
yourself there that's hidin' your head,  
Sure I see you, I see you; I see where the  
chapel looks down on the strand;  
And 'tis up the boreen to the door, wid the  
lad that's your groom at your side,

## A FORESEER

You went by in the noon's light ; ay, Maureen  
Ni Meara, I see you a bride,  
But I'm thinkin' 'tis strange, truth I'm tellin'  
you, scarcely the breadth of me hand  
Is the shadow slid over the stone, and the  
wave's rim crep' white up the sand,  
And I see you, I see you—ah, Maureen Ni  
Meara, a widow you tread  
Wid your feet in the prints of the bride's feet  
before you that passed in this sun,  
Not the time since a lark would be singing its  
song. Is his travellin' all done  
That should walk to the last of his life wid  
you? Sure then, sore-hearted he sped,  
For if long be the days of the livin', 'tis lone  
are the paths of the dead—  
So I lave you to joy and to sorrow, soon  
ended and sooner begun."

## VII

And wid that round he turned where he stood  
in the door, and went out of our sight.  
But the voice of him scarcely was past, or the  
shadow of him quit from the sill,

## A FORESEER

When up started young Dermot MacNeill wid  
the eyes in his head shinin' bright  
As the wild eyes of Owen himself. And says  
he: "Let him lave what he will.  
Sure I met him but now down below in the  
lane, and he goin' his lone,  
So I gave him good-night, and says he to me:  
'Night never blacker was known  
Than the night I see darkenin' above you, to  
fall on you sudden and soon,  
When the sun climbs his height, and no breath's  
on the blue, in the eye of the noon,  
And you stretchin' a hand to lay howld of a  
jewel you never may own—  
Soon and sudden,' says he, and no more. But  
God send every word of it true.

"For that bride left a widow what grief would  
be lightin' on, Maureen aroon,  
If meself was the lad gone to loss? Ay, mavour-  
neen, 'tis little you'd rue;  
Well I know in me heart to the ind of this  
world I'll be nothin' to you.



## A FORESEER

But there's glimpses and glimmers folk seek to  
    console them when Heaven they miss,  
And see, Maureen Ni Meara, me jewel, 'tis fine  
    I'd contint me wid this.  
For I'd count it the best of me luck, nought I'd  
    grudge to be gettin' me death  
Soon and sudden, if just till the Priest said his  
    say I'd have lave to draw breath  
By your side at the altar ; no time would I ask  
    for a look or a kiss  
Might be vexin' you, Maureen machree, ere I  
    dropped at your feet, and the dark  
From me eyes took the sight of you. Ay, but  
    I'm thinkin' there's somethin' I'd keep ;  
For the thought of that minyit I called you  
    me wife 'ud burn on like a spark  
Through the deepest of night, and 'twould  
    light me to joy, as a dream in me sleep  
Wid no endin' or wakin'. Mavourneen," says  
    he, "if you'll have it but so,  
No bad luck Owen towld you and me." And  
    'twas wishful he watched till she'd spake.

## A FORESEER

But sure, Maureen was mad wid him then ;  
and says she : “ Be it bad luck or no,  
'Tis the strange talk you have to me, Dermot  
MacNeill, and you strangely mistake,  
If it's break me hand-promise, you'd have me,  
to Felix, that's truer than steel,  
And go back on me word for your sake.  
Whethen now I'd have little to do.  
But mis-happen what may, wife of yours  
would I never be, Dermot MacNeill,  
For the time that the star blinkin' yonder was  
shiverin' 'twixt red fire and blue,  
That's the short while to reckon,” says she, “ but  
I'd count it too long, for my part,  
To be playin' the traitor and tellin' a lie.”  
So he turned on his heel,  
And away thro' the night he went, bitter and  
bleak, wid that word in his heart.

## VIII

Well and good, ma'am, not long after that,  
in come Felix from Killerone Fair,

## A FORESEER

Wid his talk of the bastes he was buyin' and  
sellin', and what folk he met there,  
And all manner of news. But the story we had  
he passed off wid a laugh.

And says he: "Widdy Maureen, acuishla  
machree, it is this, I suppose,

Poor owld Owen consaits in his mind to be  
livin' as long as the crows,

So it's croakin' he keeps like themselves, and  
We'll heed him as much. Sure the half

Of a hundred year off he was lookin' this night,  
if me widdy you were ;

And the nearest sight ever he'll get," Felix says.

But that time we towld nought

About Dermot's quare raumuish; laist said  
soonest mended; 'twas only, we thought,

Just some notion stirred up in his head, seein'  
Maureen distressed wid the scare.

So it all died away in our minds as your  
breath melts to nought on the air.

## A FORESEER

### IX

Well, the weddin' was fixed for that Shrove,  
    when the year took a leanin' towards spring;  
And the day come wid never a speck on the  
    wather or sky to be found,  
Save a lark singin' songs for divarsion, or may-  
    be a little gull's wing  
Sittin' white on the smooth of the say, and we  
    startin' to sail o'er the Sound,  
Three big boat-loads, wid Killerone Chapel  
    forenent us, that stands on its height  
Lookin' down from the cliff to the harbour.  
    And flashin' around and around,  
Like the footprints of crathurs we couldn't  
    behowld dancin' wild wid delight,  
All the sun-sparkles blinked. And the whole  
    way across 'twas the great times we had,  
Wid the bride and the groom sittin' aft, and  
    Mick Sullivan fiddlin' like mad  
In the bows; and meself next the mother of  
    Felix, that thought ne'er was born

## A FORESEER

In the width of the world man or mortal could  
offer to aquil her lad,  
Unless Dermot belike. The proud woman  
she was. "But, sad pity," says she,  
"'Tis of Maureen's poor mother that hadn't  
the luck to be livin' this morn."

So we come to the harbour as plisant as  
plisant, and what should we see  
Save owld Owen MacDonnell himself sittin' low  
by the steps where you land,  
Like a little owld leprecaun perched on the  
stones that were slithery wid wrack  
At the pier-end. And there Maureen spied him,  
and straightways was fear widenin' black  
In her eyes. "Och I'm dreadin'," says she, "some  
great harm there is plotted and planned  
'Gin the two of us, Felix; for yonder he's  
watchin' to see me come back  
As he towld us that night." But says Dermot  
MacNeill that was standin' anear :

## A FORESEER

“Now step on wid yous all to the chapel,” says  
he, “for behind yous I’ll stay  
Till I have the owld miscreant persuaded to  
roost out of that. And no fear,  
Ne’er a chance will he get to be throublin’ the  
wife of you, talkin’ this day  
Of your bride and your widow. Speed off to  
your weddin’; I’ll wait for you here,  
When ’tis over and done,” so says he.

And the rest of us trooped up the lane,  
That run straight ’twixt two high sandy banks,  
glarin’ white in a glow to the door  
Of the chapel, night-dark at its end. Sure  
it seemed next to no time before  
Out we stepped again, under the shine of the  
sun, nigh too bright to see plain,  
Every one of us laughin’ at Felix and Maureen,  
and givin’ them joy,  
And they walkin’ along man and wife, lookin’  
nought but a girl and a boy.

## A FORESEER

x

But what happint next minyit, that's more,  
woman dear, than is clear in me mind :  
For, if blazin' and burnin' and blastin' the  
land, a great thunderbolt's flame  
Swep' about and around you in wafts of de-  
struction, and went as it came,  
You'd misdoubt, when you looked, was the world  
scorched coal-black or yourself gone stark  
blind.  
And 'twas that way it fell on us sudden, ere  
ever we thought how it chanced.  
Some one pounced like a kite from the big  
boulder-stone he was lurkin' behind,  
Wherethe two of them passed ; and, caught bright  
in the sun, somethin' flickered and glanced ;  
Then one choked in his shout, and dropped down ;  
and one ran—and there Maureen stood still,  
And 'twas Felix lay stabbed to the heart at her  
feet, stretched the len'th of his grave,  
Ne'er to stir till it took him. But headlong  
his murderer raced over the hill,

## A FORESEER

Wid some follyin' as fast; sure that day he  
was bound to be havin' his will,  
So they couldn't o'ertake or purvint him. And  
down by the edge of the wave,  
On the rocks at the cliff's foot, 'twas Dermot  
MacNeill they got kilt on the strand,  
Wid the blade he dhruv home to his own  
brother's heart gripped death-fast in his  
hand.

### XI

Now a strange thing that happint I'll tell  
you. When some of us, down by the slip,  
Done our best to be loosin' his howld on the  
haft, sorra one of us could ;  
Not his mother, that tried in distraction, for  
strong as a vice was his grip.  
And the mother's owld mother of Maureen  
come near us, and cursed where she stood,  
And was sayin' to God that the knife might  
keep ever the place it was in,  
Till the Judgment, and Dermot rise up wid it  
clutched for a sign of his sin



## A FORESEER

And remembrance ; yet, troth, 'twould be  
grabbed off him soon, and he strivin' below  
Wid the divils in Hell. But Pat Doyne bid  
her whist for the honour of God.

“Look you yonder,” says he ; and the blade,  
sure enough, glittered flung on the sod ;  
And 'twas quit of it Dermot MacNeill on the  
last of his journeys should go,  
For sure Maureen had drawn it soft out of  
his hand—ay, the crathur did so.

## XII

But it's sorry I was for owld Owen Mac-  
Donnell, for mostly the folk  
Did be blamin' it all on his seein' and tellin',  
that brought trouble and harm ;  
And they run from his road ; not a sowl would  
set foot near his bit of a farm,  
And they thought they'd be hearin' black news  
of misfortune whenever he spoke.  
Till at last, and it wasn't so long after that,  
they'd the heart of him broke,

## A FORESEER

And he took off to bide up above on  
Knockeevin. So you may depind  
'Twas himself you spied yonder, for over the  
hill of a mornin' he strays  
Gatherin' sticks. Och forlorn is the little owld  
crathur, wid sorra a frind ;  
And I'm thinkin' whate'er he'd behould if he  
looked past his life's lonesome ind  
Would be luckier than aught else he seen in  
the len'th of his desolit days.

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

*(All Souls' Night, November 2)*

THE edge of Autumn 'twas, when very drear  
And lone and strange for her the great world  
grew

One sudden morning, why, she hardly knew,  
Being simpler than to see the reasons clear  
That could not let her rest where many a year  
Her days had lingered by, and barred the door  
Fast of the little house against her, tried  
In vain, for she must trespass there no more ;  
As if another roof, now, far or near,  
Was hers indeed, or any place to bide  
On the wide earth's floor.

Howbeit away she wandered, lost, alone,  
With never a wish in life her steps to guide  
Down lanes that tangled through the country-  
side,

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

Where leaves even so were turned adrift and  
    strown

On listless journeyings, and the bare fields,  
    mown

Or reaped, lay still ; but hedgerows in the sun  
Seemed studded thick with jewels, berry and nut,  
She lacked the eyes to heed ; since sorrow had  
    spun

A shrouding mist, till skies that clearest shone  
Looked dim to her, thinking how the door  
    was shut

And her good days done.

The lads and she had oft enough whilere  
Gone gathering in the hedges high and low  
On golden morns, when long and long ago  
Young colleens laughed. Why should an old  
    crone care

To grope for blackberries that none could share ?  
And in their little houses folk were kind,  
That would not say her nay if a crust of bread  
Was with them : seldom need she peer half  
    blind

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

'Twixt frosted briars, content with sorry fare,  
Since wizened fruit belated, sour and red  
She could only find.

But when November's Eve the haunted night  
Brought near, that bids across a threshold dire  
Exiles of home, for whose return the fire  
Is kindled, and by faithful hands in sight  
The board left ready, grieved she was out-  
right  
That in their old hearth's glow she could not  
set  
The seat and spread the meal that memory  
shows :

*Mayhap they'll be misdoubting I forget,  
My grief! she sighed, or grudge the sod to light ;  
When ne'er a one of them, a one, God knows,  
But I'm mourning yet.*

Then after soon, a glimmering hope spied she  
In that harm's self : for year by year had sped  
Her All Souls' night, nor ever brought home  
her Dead,

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

That ever she watched with hungered heart  
to see.

*For none of them made much, dear hearts, of me :  
They scarce would travel back that far while  
naught*

*I ailed ; but, ah, these times, she said, 'tis well  
They know the way I am left, and like as aught  
Noreen would come, or Mick. Though long it be,  
If mother herself remembers—who can tell?—  
She might have the thought.*

So through that gloaming, slow, with halting  
feet,  
She climbed the hill where winds the steep  
boreen,  
Deep-sunken and sheltered furze-shagged banks  
between,  
And at a half-door begged a sod of peat.  
The woman of the house did blithely greet  
This poor old woman of no house at all,  
Who round the turn a stone's throw farther went  
With thrice her asking 'neath her sleet-drenched  
shawl,

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

Till under writhen boughs that well nigh  
meet

She found a hollow fit for her intent,  
Where the bank stands tall.

Therein her three black sods aslant she  
leant

And lit, and while the clear blue smoke un-  
curled,

Her store outspread. Her one hope in the  
world

So wrought her that in reckless wise she had  
spent

In the town her hoarded pennies, wholly bent  
Those guests to feast aright. Herself might fast,  
But for the lads she had brought the speckled  
cake.

'Twas the dull fire-blink, yet, please God,  
'twould last

To light them back. They'd know her best  
she meant;

And if they came, sure 'would be for the sake  
Of the old times past.

## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

More oft than in the smoke a quick spark dies  
Her hopes were quenched ; for ever a step she  
heard

If wind or wing amongst the branches stirred,  
And night's wide house seemed full of calls  
and cries,

That crept to her from afar. But fear likewise  
Kept watch, a phantom threatening other scathe  
Than daily peril, against the feeble and old  
Resurgent : fear it was lest all her faith  
That any help could reach her 'neath these  
skies

Must dwindle o'er the sill of dawning cold,  
An evanished wraith.

Gript in their chill blasts, still with grudging  
grief  
She felt the dark hours wane toward morning-  
tide,  
When she must see her dreams had surely died  
And left her desolate. That sole dread in  
chief,  
Prevailing, made her vigil all too brief,



## SUPPER IN THE BOREEN

Because anon she heart-bereft should hear  
The shrill cocks hailing back her weary day,  
Of friends forlorn, forlorn of any cheer,  
With goalless path again as fallen leaf ;  
Fell summons that her cherished hope would  
    slay,  
And but change her fear. ,

## WAYFARERS

ON yestereve a while in talk I stood  
With Norah Doyne beside her shadowy door,  
And saw dim twilight fiery rood on rood  
Steal from the sunset's shore.  
Wide swept the moorland brown, we watched  
    it o'er,  
To earth's up-tilting rim ; and if we turned  
Eastward, again, low-glimmering on her floor  
The red embers burned.

“ Aye,” said the banati, “ ’tis lonesome lies  
This road of ours ; full often round and round  
I look and see scarce emptier are the skies,  
Clear of a cloud-breath found.  
So seldom a foot goes by to market bound,  
Or carrying sods, cut yonder past the furze,  
’Twixt morn and morn, belike, no step will  
    sound,  
And ’tis shadow stirs.

## WAYFARERS

“ ‘Troth, ’tis the black road : in the winter’s  
cold,

When cruel blasts are keening by, or grey  
Grows all the air with sleet, some neighbour  
old

Happen will fare this way,  
Feeble, and stooped, and slow ; and then the  
day

Seems weary-long, because the winds that roam  
Keep me heart-vexed, till I can reckon and  
say :

*Now the creature’s home.*

“ But whiles a vagrant lad comes wander-  
ing by,

That makes the lonesome place feel lonelier yet,  
So sure I be no sun out of this sky  
Shines where his heart is set :

And to the world’s end on his face the fret  
Bides still. His bit and sup I grudge, God  
knows,

As little as I his woeful look forget  
When his way he goes.

## WAYFARERS

“For save the drink of milk, and crust of  
bread,  
And kindly word, his share of life outright  
Was lost on him, since all his care,” she said,  
“Hidden was from his sight  
In one dark house. And if at dusk grows  
bright  
Some door fast by, that watching folk unbar,  
Aye farther from him seems its blink of  
light  
Than the evening star.”

There, as she spoke, I gazed, and doubting  
spied  
A sheeny mote, sunk deep in heaven's domed  
roof,  
Its phantom ray athwart the mist rose-dyed  
Thrill, very faint, in proof  
Of world from world immeasurably aloof:  
A quivering thread o'er blank abysses cast,  
Where Fate weaves on, with magic warp and  
woof,  
In the void and vast.

## WAYFARERS

And yet, methought, those starry citadels  
That front the shoreless Deep, with straiter  
    bands  
Hold each to each than haply he who dwells  
Yonder, and he who stands  
Even at the door. Yea, though he warm  
    his hands,  
Lingering a space as by his friend's hearth-fire,  
None saith o'er what wild seas, in what strange  
    lands,  
The flame were kindled to his soul's desire.

## HOUSEKEEPING

*“ἐν τ’ ἀπύρῳ οἶχῳ καὶ ἤθεσι λευγαλέοισιν.”*

THIS sunsetting my thoughts, strayed to and  
fro

Through our old house, enkindled saw anon  
Its hearth-fire, brave with clearest flame aglow,  
Fierce rose, and smoke-wreaths soft of cinna-  
mon,

In sooth a goodly blaze ; but ah, it flares  
Beyond a league-wide floor whose lonely snow  
Chill blasts have strewn till many a heart  
despairs,

Caught in the bitter torment of the frost  
With fell accost.

For icy-keen the airs that creep and blow  
Beneath yon roof, and sore their harm who  
house

Within these vasty walls, yet helpless go

## HOUSEKEEPING

Barred from the halls where happier guest-  
    mates drowse,  
Lapt warm in hoarded sunbeams. Long their  
    grief  
That hours folk shiver through pass wondrous  
    slow,  
With never a dream to make their vigil  
    brief,  
Nor any hope, save if some night forlorn  
Should lead no morn.

And ill it is to watch profusion grow  
In guarded chambers, neighboured nigh with  
    dearth,  
Where wastrel thrift of stores that overflow  
By strange misrule can make as nothing  
    worth  
Our kindly harvest-wealth. For Greed and  
    Fear,  
The wanton stewards thereof, grain-grudging  
    throw  
Alms of their spoil; nay, though dire need  
    draw near,

## HOUSEKEEPING

Nay, though wild eyes on blind eyes gaze  
    adread,  
That wept for bread.

But since this host it harboureth, pent in  
    woe,  
Pined for a crust and perished for a spark,  
Nor ever a cure our wisest skill to know  
Nor boldest dare: now would that void and  
    stark  
Stood all the accursed pile, with outrage rife  
Of tyrant will on right and ruth, and so  
Its haunts forbid the roaming wraith of Life  
Vex not, with wakeful pain its peace to mar  
While burns a star.



## THE RADIANT FROST

MIST-PHANTOMS wove apace ere night-glooms  
fled

Their elfin webs of rime, till purelier stoled  
Than moon-blanced lilies, glistening fold on  
fold,

Our frost-charmed wood beneath the dawn  
rose-red

A splendour grew of spangled boughs dispread  
And light-flushed glades, all dazzling to behold,  
With gems besprent for dew, for dust clear gold,  
From wizard treasures pearled and diamonded.

Methought: a voice among the undying Dead,  
Who saw and sang, the enduring joy hath told  
Of even such brief frail beauty. But instead  
Came ruffling by a blast of north wind cold,  
And wailed withal a word that Shelley said :  
*Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old !*

## A SPINNER'S DREAM

NORAH SHIEL, the neighbours say,  
Lives, poor soul, as best she may,  
And her little house is lone,  
Silent grown so many a day.

Spinning now at eventide,  
Sits her dusky door beside,  
Fronting where a heathery crest  
Frets the western clearness wide.

Round about her nothing stirs  
Save the wheel that scarcely whirs  
Louder than a wild bee hid  
Questing mid the golden furze.

## A SPINNER'S DREAM

Ill she brooks to let it run,  
Lest her task too soon be done :  
All her thoughts wax sorrowful  
Since her wool is nearly spun.

Grieved she sees how few more strands  
Bide for twisting ; understands  
Well her morrow's weary part,  
Heavy heart and idle hands.

Raising then a sad grey head  
From those meagre hanks of thread,  
Lo, across her listless eyes  
Sheer surprise of radiance shed.

For above the purple height  
One vast cloud its burning white,  
Through the moteless skies adrift,  
Hangs uplift to steep in light.

## A SPINNER'S DREAM

Sheen as dawn-dewed lilies show  
Doth the glistering fabric glow,  
Blanched and bright in curve and crease,  
Aye, a fleece of fire and snow.

Long her look the splendour draws  
That her spirit overawes,  
Gazing up the crystal air,  
While her careful sorrows pause.

Yet she feels their fret begin  
As she turns her door within :  
*'Tis good luck were mine this eve  
Had I leave thee like to spin.*

Now may spells of slumber deft  
Weave for her a magic weft,  
All night through from memory steal  
Empty wheel and hearth bereft :

## A SPINNER'S DREAM

Reach to her no earthly gleam,  
But such happy rays as beam  
With a folding soft and deep,  
Sleep on sleep and dream on dream.

## THE DROWNED HARP

LONE is Glen Erna, lifted high,  
Niched among mountain ramparts steep,  
That guard few pastures green for sheep,  
And one clear water, where the sky  
Lets clouds sail by, or stranded lie,  
Or drops adown night's stillness deep  
From very far  
The shining shadow of some star  
A dream to be in its crystal sleep.

'Twixt crested crag and lapping shore  
The clan bides, as their sires whilome  
In stronghold kept and fortress home  
Aloof from men ; for nevermore  
Those cliff-walls hoar ope any door  
To frustrate feet that thither roam,  
Save only where

## THE DROWNED HARP

One rude path climbs fast by the stair  
A plunging cataract sweeps with foam.

There, when the winter's hush of snow,  
Or raving storm-blasts fiercely cold,  
Drove men to shelter as sheep to fold,  
Drear waxed their days, twice captived so ;  
Lag-foot and slow the hours did go,  
Empty : nay, oft the burning gold  
Of summer skies  
Would leaden seem in listless eyes,  
Since blank and barren its splendour rolled.

But once through mists curled blue as smoke  
With fronded fire the hillside flared,  
When o'er the pass a minstrel fared,  
And therewithal great wonder woke  
Among the folk, for 'neath his cloak  
A small bright harp he bore, that dared  
A wilder strain  
Than wood-birds waken after rain,  
Or stream-floods, storming through dusk calm-  
aired.

## THE DROWNED HARP

And all that winter's chilly dearth  
He charmed away their roofs among,  
Their dwellings his, and theirs his song.  
Foregathering by the chief's wide hearth,  
He made them mirth, while mourned the earth,  
Frost-gripped, and no man deemed it long,  
Such strange delight  
Flowed with his music day and night,  
To fleet their thoughts in a joyous throng.

Then, at an amber sunseting,  
Softly the wind and water stirred,  
And straight, as if a call he heard,  
The minstrel spake: *The spring, the spring:*  
*Now to my King behoves me bring*  
*The message many a day deferred.*  
*With morn's rose-red*  
*I go my way far hence,* he said;  
And sudden sorrow ensued his word.

And, murmuring after fall of night  
About the chief's hearth, angered men  
Talked how ill days must come again,



## THE DROWNED HARP

That lacked their singer. Quoth a wight :

*Darken his sight, or from him smite  
A foot ; he bides our prisoner then ;  
For lame or blind,  
Methinks, a path would hardly find,  
Straying and stumbling from forth the Glen.*

All pitiless, ne'er a voice gainsaid  
That villainy, but every one  
Fell plotting ; save the chief's young son,  
Who heard their cruel threat dismayed,  
And hastening bade the minstrel, laid  
In happy sleep, that danger shun ;  
Who from his dream  
Rose, and stole up beside the stream,  
In shadow shrouded or else undone.

But ere he felt the driven spray  
Of the white fall, mischanced a chink  
In rifted clouds let moonlight blink  
Sheen on his harp, and so betray  
By glimmering ray his secret way

## THE DROWNED HARP

With deadly doom his lot to link ;  
For on his track  
Pursuers sped to hale him back  
Along the perilous river-brink.

And there was wrought a deed of woe,  
And there a fount of music marred,  
When, wrestling more than life to guard,  
Or yielding to a nobler foe,  
The torrent flow that surged below,  
Headlong to death down dashed the bard ;  
And like a spark  
Quenched in mad waves, that turbulent  
dark  
His harp bright-flashing a moment starred.

Now, when once more the mute glen thrilled  
To breath of spring, with sunset flame  
O'er the flushed water wafted came  
Soft music, that the silence filled  
With strains long stilled ; and sin's dread  
chilled

## THE DROWNED HARP

Black hearts remembering. *'Tis the same,*  
*The same harp's sound,*  
*Deep at the hills' root sunk and drowned,*  
They whispered, stricken with fear and  
shame.

Only the chief's son, crept anear,  
Hearkened, and gazed with eyes grown wild  
And wistful, even as who, exiled,  
Meets speech of home. Said he: *How clear*  
*Across the mere his harp I hear.*  
*That calls me.* And when dawn-light smiled  
Dim mists away  
Where slumbering waters breathless lay,  
To deeper sleep they had lulled the child.

And still, when past yon mountain-wall  
Spring wakes, a harp at sunset glow  
Cries; and the grieving clansfolk know  
That on their best beloved of all  
The fate doth fall to hear the call,

## THE DROWNED HARP

And forth on trackless journey go  
From hearts left lone.  
Such bitter seed in sooth was sown  
By greedy hands, that for joy reaped woe.

## A CHOSEN JOY

THE yew that scarce would a black arm toss  
For the moonlit wind by this lonesome mere,  
Signs itself with the sign of the cross,  
Like a scared old monk, when my shade falls  
near.

Nay, should I tarry to blast and blight  
The withering bough and its foliage sere,  
While He speeds swift through the hush of  
night  
To tryst with his love by the silent mere?

What worth holds love? with the wealth of  
hate  
I have gained me a good I shall not lose,  
Since here on a brink of joy I wait,  
Leave won through its deepest my track to  
choose.

## A CHOSEN JOY

Thus choose I : she comes first to the tryst ;  
Save her own quick breath she shall hear no  
    stir,  
As pale in the moonlight she stands to list.  
Let be ; my soul's price is not paid for her.

For whom but one that three roods away  
Shall be footing the heather up yon bare hill,  
When down she drops in the cold clear ray,  
That must lead him to her as white and still ?

For so, when the silence loudlier saith :  
*By that path went Hope ; follow, or bid farewell,*  
His life's wild leap toward the beckoning  
    death  
Must recoil at menace of horror's hell.

Nor wail breaks forth o'er his world struck  
    drear,  
As he moans dry-lipped : *On what vision dread*  
*Did these blank eyes darken ? What shape of fear*  
*Flung open the gates whence the spirit fled ?*

## A CHOSEN JOY

Till despair speaks, spurning sense and  
thought,

As he howls a name—can it mend his case?

Then comes my joy. Is it dearly bought,

If he look toward heaven, and behold—my  
face?

## AN ARRIVAL

Now haste thee, light thee down, thy doors  
unbar,  
Though slumber hold thine eyes, though rest  
thy feet ;  
A guest draws nigh, who comes from very  
far,  
And brings thee news, yea, tidings strange and  
sweet.  
Make open, hie thee forth his steps to meet—  
I will not open, I, so late, too late ;  
I am weary. One sole guest I fain could  
greet,  
And He will ask no leave, but enter straight.

Yet open swiftly, lest thou sorely rue ;  
'Tis verily thy own most dear Desire,  
For whom thou hast waited all the long days  
through,



## AN ARRIVAL

The slow, void days, in vain, and wouldst not  
tire ;

For whom thy heart was storm, thy brain was  
fire—

Alas, what sayest thou? Lo, thou couldst  
not take

Upon thy lips a name of dole so dire,  
Though rifest 'twere where Hell's wild echoes  
wake.

And how, in sooth, thus churl-wise chide  
him hence,

Who comes expectant of the banquet spread,  
And rose-crowned chalice, soul-bliss thrilled  
to sense,

But fares a friend with foeman's welcome sped,  
Finding for song, a wail, for joyance, dread?

Tell him : *This house is ruin-rent and bare ;  
Delight hath flown afar, and Youth is dead,  
And Hope, thy bride, handfasted to Despair.*

## BARRED

WITH lifted latch it stands ajar,  
By April breaths 'tis shaken still,  
Only a sunbeam slants to bar  
Sweet Eileen's door against her will;  
Yet shadows creep anear, afar,  
And never a step has crossed the sill

Athwart its gold-gleam, brightlier bright,  
What sudden glinting diamond slips?  
'Twixt hovering flakes that drift and light  
Like breeze-blown sails for elfin ships,  
Oft through the cherry-bough foam-white  
A twinkle of beaded crystal drips.

O'er dim green wood-roofs trailing float  
Wan shower-webs dwindled as they fly:  
A dewdrop's clearness in his note

## BARRED

The merle has caught who sings fast by :  
The softest step would hush his throat,  
But ever his lilt rings loud and high.

Soon shall the earliest glimmering star  
Prick down through ray-lorn airs and chill,  
Where now no sunbeam bides to bar  
Sweet Eileen's door against her will.  
Then hope must flit afar, afar,  
If never a step cross o'er the sill.

## BEYOND ALL SHORES AND SEAS

LIES yet a well of wonder  
All shores and seas beyond,  
Where shines that dimness under,  
More deep than in a dream,  
Full many a diamond  
With elfin gleam,

Glows up the glimmering water  
Full many a ruby's fire :  
If ever an earth-born daughter  
Their wizard light behold,  
She may no more desire  
Our gems and gold.

Nay, some in sooth, who only  
Adream thereon did gaze,  
Thenceforth fare wandering lonely,

## BEYOND ALL SHORES AND SEAS

And seek with sorrow vain  
The glory of such rays  
To find again.

Oft, oft, high-heavenward turning  
The quivering stars have conned,  
Or watched the wide west burning ;  
Nor shall their hearts appease,  
Whose hope lies hid beyond  
All shores and seas.

## THE ONLY TUNE

THE only tune that he could play—  
He learned it long and long ago—  
Was “Over the hills and far away.”  
We young folk, listening day by day  
As fared he, piping, to and fro,  
The only tune that he could play,  
Half-weary heard. Could none soothsay  
How not till all life’s bravest show  
Was over the hills and far away  
Time’s hunter-years their chase would  
    stay  
Mid harried fields; and none might  
    know  
The only tune that he could play  
For just a joyful summons, yea,  
To journey where the path we’d go  
Was over the hills and far away

## THE ONLY TUNE

From worlds grown dreary. Ah, 'tis gay  
Would sound one piper's call, if so  
The only tune that he could play  
Was "Over the hills and far away."

## THE GOAL

SILENT and very swift on spiry round  
Fares Time, thy charioteer, and dost thou blame  
His silence and his swiftness? Yet indeed  
If rein he drew to teach thee whither bound,  
At the first word, perchance—at the first name—  
Would'st check his tale to bid him speed and  
speed.



## THE ROSES' WISDOM

DREAMING, he saw her garden desolate  
All lit with glory of roses : " Lo, the flowers  
She loved," he thought, " have wiser hearts  
than ours,

That mourn her reft away by changeless Fate ;  
For these now of their bravery nought abate,  
As wist they well how yet her blossomed  
bowers

Shall greet her, yielded back by gracious powers  
Some happy soon, whereon in joy they wait."

Then long he tarried, lest a step might stir  
Soft on the listening paths, but hushed they lay  
Till every rose was fled through petal-showers ;  
And when the last were strewn, he sighed to  
say :

" Ah, wise are ye, who knew the empty hours  
Must lonely bide, save if ye follow Her."

## A WHITE NIGHT

THIS live-long night in heart and brain set free  
So loud a throng of bitter thoughts would  
brawl,

Wild mourners feasting at the funeral  
Of Hope in darksome grave laid fair to see,  
That Sleep, life's dream of deeper rest to be,  
Could hitherward no entrance find at all,  
Because their clamour drowned her low soft  
call,

Till frightened sore she far away did flee.

And now when dawn is nigh, their strife  
grown less,

She back returning seeks admittance fain,  
That I, full loth, must needs withhold, more wise  
Than for so brief a respite's only gain  
To dare the ambushed curse in Sorrow's eyes,  
Forth leaping from an hour's forgetfulness.

## IN HIGHER LATITUDES

“A FROST,” we say, “the stars such keen rays  
wore

All night ; and now against a roughened pane  
This dawn-light quivering beats with red-rose  
stain,

And pearled till noontide lie the meadows hoar.”  
Yet reckon the while of climes where toward  
earth’s core

The fierce cold strikes a thrilling shaft, as fain  
To daunt the centre’s fire, and all the plain  
Is monstrous ice and snow for evermore.

Even so, this spell that half a night can keep  
Our senses chilled, yet scarce outlingereth  
The earliest beam, but while long shadows creep  
Fades dream-like from the fields of thought  
and breath,

We, journeying through a milder zone, call sleep,  
Remembering still the arctic sleep of death.

## A LAST LESSON

“'Αλλ' οἶμαι, ἔφη, ἔγωγε, ὦ Σώχρατες, ἔτι ἥλιον  
εἶναι ἐπὶ τοῖς ὄρεσι καὶ οὐπω δεδυκέναι.”

THIS word, the last of all that granted were  
Or ever the poison-frost began to creep  
Heart-ward, our Master's wisdom bade us keep,  
When one of us, grief-stricken, cried : “ Forbear,  
Since yet the sun is on the mountains ”—prayer  
He heard not, nor prolonged our time to weep  
With lingering by the verge of that vast deep,  
But drank, and ebbed from life as light from air.

And long shall mortals, bidden for bliss or  
bane

To board of life, hear yet an echo say :

“ Who comes well pleased and parts hath  
double gain :

If mirth swell high, that mirth nowise out-  
stay,

Nor wear thy wreath till all its freshness wane,  
But rise, ere darkness droop, and go thy way.”

## THE SIBYL'S HANDFUL

'Tis strange to watch the young Ionian's hand  
What time Apollôn schemes right godlike jest  
Of witless boon vouchsafed. Such hopes attest  
Rosed tips down-curved to where past jewelled  
band

Veins dwindle ; fingers tense as though they  
spanned

The world's worth in each grain their whiteness  
pressed—

Each powdery spurt a heart-pang. Fortune blest  
Saw she but half a life hence. So the sand  
Would sprinkle to her feet, and all her cares  
Change course ; for now the maid not soon  
will cease

To ply that covetous palm with touches light  
Of its fair twin, and join and often smite  
Asunder, lest in some fine-graven crease  
Lurk yet a decade's weariness unawares.

## ISMÊNÊ

“οἴμοι, τάλαινα, κάμπλάκω τοῦ σοῦ μόρου;”

MOST innocent daughter of a race accurst  
Art thou, Ismênê, this thine only blame,  
That when to thee the fateful summons came  
With death's sheer menace fraught, thy soul  
at first

Shrank fluttering like a frightened dove, nor durst  
Confront the half-seen fear; so marred thy fame;  
Yet when that fear grew fate, was bold to claim  
Inalienable right to meet its worst.

For it was in sooth no craven heart that bore  
The swift resolve : *Albeit alone she dared,*  
*Still not alone at least our sister dies ;*  
That shunned the deed, yet fain the doom had  
shared—

Alas, then, must she see for evermore,  
Antigonê, the scorn-light in thine eyes?

## OPPORTUNITY

IF this befell : At some fair dawning time,  
Ere failed the wistful world its dreams and dew,  
Sheer from the height of heaven reached down  
to you

A cloud-piled stair more pure than glistening  
rime,

And firm as marble wrought, in flights sublime  
That pierced the void, whence lights come  
faint and few,

Beyond all starry outposts : toward what new  
Wild-wondered shores—ah, would you dare to  
climb ?

And if, while yet you doubted, lo, too late,  
You saw it reft past range of fear and hope,  
Caught up the vast, and here you needs must wait  
Mere day's returning ; would not narrow scope  
Wide earth yield ? yea, the azure's amplest cope  
Enclose your spirit like a dungeon-grate ?

## AN END IN ITSELF

ON brink of fierce-eyed morn and shadowless  
way

I passed a spring brimmed pure as flower-clipt  
dew,

Nor then durst pause or drink, but since I knew  
My steps must thitherward turn at close of day,  
I bade that loveliest image with me stay,  
And evermore my desert journey through  
From thought thereof my heart's best solace drew,  
While yet the burning hours between us lay.

And when I stood thereby with weary feet,  
Lo, trampling herd to baulk my dear desire  
Had trod the limpid crystal into mire.  
Yet how from henceforth chide the hope's deceit,  
That cheered my path o'er leagues of drouth  
and heat,  
And slaked full many a shaft of noon-launched  
fire?



## OVER-REACHED

WHEN first, swift-forged, on thought and sense  
and limb

The years their fetters laid, my heart grew cold.  
“Strait dungeon-walls,” I deemed, “my life to  
hold :

Lo, Fate’s dark face unveiled—and Gorgon grim.”  
Hence, now that like frost-touches fade and dim  
The head whose curls I stroked a twelvemonth  
old,

And trace care’s track in lines drawn over-bold  
On brows I knew while yet the moment’s rim  
Did round the world they recked of: shall not  
keys

Twice turn in guard of massier prison gate,  
And feller eyesglare menace through the gloom?  
Yet other shape the sequence seems to assume:  
A cloud-pile reared and wrecked by breath of  
breeze,

A shifted mask on unseen brows of Fate.

## WASTE

HE who, bound on mortal's quest,  
    Wanders wistful-eyed,  
Tastes not fortune's bitterest  
    In desire denied,  
Till where rich boughs waste in sight  
    Goes he hungering,  
Sighs he fettered whence deft flight  
    Witless finches wing.

Even as one that fares at noon  
    Faint in sun-smit ways,  
Craving sore a moment's boon  
    Of cloud-stinted rays :  
Whom the fierce airs' fiery deeps  
    Hold, nor once will free,  
While the cliffs' cold shadow creeps  
    O'er a thankless sea.

## SUNSHINE

WITH never a cloud from north to south,  
The faint blue sky is bright and clear  
As a mirror held to a dead man's mouth  
Whilst one breathes quick for hope and fear.

All day the harvest fields lie blest  
With goldening glow no mist-fleck mars :  
All day a heart cries toward the west :  
*Come, night, but bring nor moon nor stars.*

## A SEED OF FIRE

GROWN dusk the lane where long shadows  
drowse,  
Blink fire-sparks twain 'twixt these hawthorn  
boughs,  
But one in heaven's great deep, and one  
A dwelling hath in a little dark house.  
For yon had shed ere our world was wrought  
Beams bright and dread above man's dim  
thought,  
An ancient glory, a vast star-sun,  
Through voids where atom-spanned earth is  
naught.

And this poor ray by a lone wife lit,  
Whose heart keeps aye a fond hope in it,  
Was set but now at her window-pane  
To throb and flicker till night-glooms flit ;  
Lest haply her lad, who afar to roam

## A SEED OF FIRE

Went loth and sad o'er the western foam,  
By darkling pathways fare nigh, full fain  
Her lamp she kindles to light him home.

She grieved shall wake to the dawn-grey skies,  
For lost dream's sake, as her low flame dies :  
The star's fierce surges may ebb or burn,  
Unwatched, unwept for of mortal eyes.  
That sterile splendour, Æonian pyre,  
What doom shall end or what heart desire ?  
The frail spark foldeth life's flower eterne,  
A soul of love in its seed of fire.

## ONE AND ALL

O'ER boundless fields of night, lo, near and far  
Light, dewdrop's blink, and Light, Æonian star.  
Wan wraiths that flickering roam by marish ways;  
Fierce surge of levin-bright foam where oceans  
blaze—

Fly's spark and flame gulfs dire, your fount is  
one,  
Deep in the worlds' arch-fire of all suns' Sun.

A burning seed of strife Fate strews, and so  
Life, men's grudged dole, and Life, gods' feast  
aglow.

Clod's captive, senses' thrall, oft grieved, soon  
slain ;

Immortal, glad o'er all to range and reign—  
Frail breath, and spirit eterne, beyond thought's  
seeing

Ye touch for one sole bourne all being's Being.

## RASH JUDGMENT

METHOUGHT I saw a mountain-wall upthrown,  
Interminably confronting boundless space,  
With tangled forest-belts about its base,  
Wherethrough grave men toil vastly, each alone,  
To cleave a little pathway of his own ;  
And forthrights some, and some meanders trace,  
But late or soon they end in every case  
Blocked blankly by that monstrous bulk of  
stone.

And this turns back thereon, and at his ease  
Makes boast : *I leave behind all barriers ;*  
And that smites head on rock, and when he  
sees  
Strange gleams before his eyes, anon avers  
'Tis light from heaven. Quoth I : *What fools  
are these ?*  
Said one : *Dost thou call fools, Philosophers ?*

## THE SORROWS OF SONG

### I

#### FROM THE BUSH

THIS soothly is the maker's grief of old  
And evermore : Thou hast seen one brier spray  
High in the hedgerow deck a summer's day  
With lovely light that wild-rose buds unfold  
When half they hide their girdle of faëry gold  
Fine wrought : worth well the halting by the way,  
The baffled spring, mocked grasp, and long essay,  
That here at last have given it to thine hold :

Yet show thee how or ever thou couldst  
forbear  
Thy strife with writhen stem and thorny sting,  
Full many a pure frail petal unaware  
Went fluttering earthward like a white moth-  
wing,  
And all the world might call the remnant fair—  
Thou still wouldst mark and mourn each  
empty ring.



# THE SORROWS OF SONG

## II

### IN THE HAND

WHERE shadow and silence weave no spells in  
vain,

There dreams and day-banned musings throng  
at will,

Waxed bold and swift as wild birds if we spill  
Athwart the frost-bound path a streak of grain :  
So thou, long since for some rare fancy fain,  
Might sing thee measured lays, through all  
these still

Dim hours hast watched, intent thy grasp to fill  
With such a prize ere morning stirred again.

And haply seeing how fast and thick they  
came,

Ambushed, hast deemed the snare an easy feat,  
Full soon to learn the fairest were the fleet :  
This captive, fluttering till thine hand shall tame,  
Is spoil thereof not that his song was sweet  
Or plumage gay, but since his wing was lame.

## A SONG AT SUNSETTING

*MORE fleet than flights of fire,  
More soft than stealth of sleep,  
Speed down abysses dire  
'Twixt outpost stars that keep  
Lone boundary lights ablaze,  
While, meshed in spiry rings,  
Suns weave their devious maze—  
Even so my sweet merle sings.*

He furls his dusky wings  
Beneath the ivy-hood  
That o'er yon gate-arch clings,  
As hill and field and wood,  
Through pale mists hovering dim  
Go lifted high and higher,  
Up, up, with cup-curved rim  
Against the West's rose fire.

## A SONG AT SUNSETTING

*Speed swiftilier still and nigher ;  
Nay, ere our veiled dawn slings  
The disc of vermeil fire,  
Breathe hither, O Spring of Springs,  
Thy spell's enchanted might,  
Whose sudden gramary brings  
A change to strange delight—  
'Tis so my sweet merle sings.*

Ah, list his soothsayings  
Of joy unthought, untold,  
Waked in all mortal things,  
Till even the weary and old  
Must deem they dream the truth,  
And see their soul's desire,  
Thrilled through anew with youth,  
Whose shadow is dew and fire.

*Fled hate and wrath's fell fire,  
Slain fear and sorrowing sore,  
The very airs inspire  
Love-lore and wonder-lore ;*

## A SONG AT SUNSETTING

*A heaven no heart shall miss,  
Where storm wild rapture flings,  
And calm sheds balm of bliss—  
Even so my sweet merle sings.*

## A STRAYED PROPHET

FROM winter's edge to summer's sill,  
This springtide through, I looked for you,  
And listened morn and even, till  
Too late at last the long days grew  
For hearkening so ; now hope must go,  
And no cuckoo.

Oh merle and mavis flute and trill  
With much ado o'er nestlings new,  
And tits and finches finely shrill ;  
But every throat in all their crew  
Might whist, if I should hear thereby  
Your cry, cuckoo.

In seasons ere some evil will,  
That harms ensue, mine hours did rue,  
You would be calling, calling still,  
A magic voice unseen, that flew,

## A STRAYED PROPHET

And soothsay brought with marvels fraught,  
Methought, cuckoo.

So sweet, so strange ; as if its thrill  
On wild airs blew, that once did woo  
Fair speech from high God-haunted hill,  
Or secrets of the black doves' coo,  
Where oaken shade old twilight made,  
Betrayed, cuckoo.

Perchance you deem I take it ill,  
And chide you too, that dead years strew,  
Life's path, like leaves frore autumns kill,  
Nor yet your oracles come true ;  
But thus, indeed, you would my creed  
Misread, cuckoo.

For 'neath yon skies, a-gloom and chill,  
Or glowing blue, runs never a clue  
To worlds that could your word fulfil ;

## A STRAYED PROPHET

Enough if, echoing thence, you drew  
From distant clime and dateless time  
Your one charmed rime, toward happier  
    prime  
To chime, cuckoo.

## A PREVENTED CURE

[Οὐδὲ γὰρ ὥς ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ ἴσασιν ὥς προσφιλεστερῶς  
ἂν αὐτοῖς ἀπήντησε Θάνατος Ἀποτρόπαιος ἢ  
Θάνατος Παιών.]

FULL filled with one still ray, the village  
street

At morn in summer's morningtide a wand  
Of fiery gold down all its length did mete ;  
But fast beside the murmurous water-way  
Ran mingling shine with shadow ; for beyond  
The river's path tall pine stems climb the  
steep,  
Past many a fresh green frond and foxglove  
spray,  
Ridged heights to crest, and there,  
Crag-towers through clearest air  
Uplift, and sheer cliff-bastions rooted deep,  
Behold the vast mere-moated mountain-keep.



## A PREVENTED CURE

Athwart that sunbeam's track a sudden flight  
Flashed and was stayed. Young were his wings  
and fleet,  
And dappled faintly as if scarce touched with  
light  
Tangled 'mid boughs new-fledged and half-  
unfurled  
Small leaves ; but now against a glassy sheet  
They dashed him, lured by crystal glittering ;  
And fallen before my feet, to all his world  
Blind, as filmed lids drooped grey  
O'er quenched bright eyes, there lay  
No song-thrush more, a lifeless, piteous thing,  
Slain on the threshold of his summer's  
spring.

A stingless death-bolt 'twas, that unaware  
With never a pang smote darkness on his  
day ;  
Yet for the hours that should have risen so  
fair,  
And for their joyance, and their songs' dear  
sake,

## A PREVENTED CURE

Who but the chance would chide, and grudging  
say

What long delight was lost in that swift  
doom?

How many a drowsy lay how oft to wake

In dawn-flushed dells; to greet

How oft more dreamy-sweet

Hushed gloamings; wings how free o'er  
heathery bloom

That now in all the woods must find no room.

A pitying hand smoothed soft the feathers  
dim;

The goodwife spoke: *Poor thrush, these broad  
panes cheat*

*The wild birds. Caged at home we have one like  
him,*

*And whiles we'd shut all close, and let him go  
To stretch his wings; but straight he'd fly and  
beat*

*And flutter against the glass, till folk would fear  
He'd break his heart on it in fury. So*

## A PREVENTED CURE

*We durst not any more  
Leave him an open door,  
Lest harm some day should happen him, as here  
This poor dead thing. We have kept him nigh  
three year.*

## ANALYSIS

THE seasons round their yearly ring  
From June to June-tide twice she had seen,  
The day that brought her visiting  
My blossom-belted garden-green,  
Where dew shines clear and thrushes sing.

For her an offering meet I chose  
From flowers of rich and odorous garb :  
Fragrant and softly flushed a rose,  
Whose stem bore never a thorny barb,  
Whereon the elfin hand might close.

Think not the gift with scorn was met,  
Though eager fingers, swift and deft,  
Each petal from the coronet  
Of golden stamens plucked, nor left  
A single plume to grace it set.

## ANALYSIS

For one by one with dainty glee  
She smelled them, ere they fluttered down,  
Shell-curven wings, gem-hued, set free,  
That should no more the fairy crown  
Enfold of delicate filagree.

What though they needs must float away  
On waft of breeze? 'Twas gentler doom  
To pass undimmed as jewel's ray  
Than drooping slow forget the bloom  
Made joyance in a child's long day.

Still undefamed by hours that slur  
With slanderous show of frail and fleet  
All breathing beauty ; aye, for her  
This rose was only red and sweet,  
And who may to its praise demur ?

Haply if here were Paradise,  
Skill had been mine to range aright  
The strewn leaves in their olden wise,  
Building anew the blossom bright  
Till none should trace of harm surmise.

## ANALYSIS

Yet there, perchance, to mend or mar  
Were idle task of foolish thought,  
Since changeless as a steadfast star  
The flower that from us fades is wrought  
Eternally in realms afar.

Nor more endures of loss or dole,  
Though rent before our eyes it seem,  
Than if faint breaths that near us stole  
Made quiver upon the mirroring stream  
Some crystal shadow of its soul.

## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ROUMANIAN

### I.—AN INDISCRETION

TOWARD a far goal my dearest Hope I sent,  
But bade her show to none the path she went ;  
So, when Despair did meet her on the way,  
And asked her : *Whither bound?* she would  
not say.

*Then tell, fair maid,* he prayed her, *whence thou art.*  
And, ah, she told him, from mine inmost heart ;  
And thither straight the envious Demon hied,  
And there did enter in, and there abide.

### II.—FEW AND FAR BETWEEN

No pleasure comes to us without alloy—  
Perforce, friend ; how should else the stranger  
Joy

Keep track, if Grief, that guest of every day,  
Fared not with her as guide to show the way ?

## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ROUMANIAN

### III.—PROPULSION

'Tis very vainly, sure, that you entreat  
This rare bright Hour to pass with tardier  
feet :

*She* cannot choose but hasten : make appeals  
To all those dark ones treading on her heels.

### IV.—*ALITER ALIIS*

THE light of life, saith one,  
Is the light of a sun ;  
Death's mist a cloud hath spun ;  
Let but cloud flee from sky—  
Shows our shining aught dimmer ?

The light of life, one saith,  
Is a taper's light ; death  
A waft of breeze's breath ;  
Let but breeze wander by—  
Holdeth darkness a glimmer ?



## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ROUMAMIAN

### V.—ARGUMENTA AD HOMINES

THE Miser asked the Spendthrift why he hurled  
His gold so recklessly about the world.

*That MY doubloons, he said, when all is done,  
May have a thousand guards in place of one.*

The Spendthrift asked the Miser why he  
stored  
'Neath lock and key his still increasing hoard.  
The Miser's answer was: *That, by my death,  
I, too, may waste my fortune in a breath.*

### VI.—BY THE WAY

WHERE one poor wight a climbing path  
pursues,  
There loiterers twain to stay his steps are  
bent ;  
Ill comrades both ; but let him rather choose  
Black-browed Despair than smiling-lipped  
Content.

## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ROUMANIAN

### VII.—THE MOMENT AND THE MAN

WHERE breathless night hung black, the world  
    around  
Lay waiting for the thunder's voice to sound ;  
But first a lamp-lit traveller rode along  
Swift on his wheel, and hummed a droning song,  
So as he passed : *Lo there, how fierce a flash !*  
*Hark what a peal !* some cried with credence  
    rash.

### VIII.—A PRETEXT

As hungry beggars cry their want,  
    That passers-by may hear and feed,  
So my poor lays aloud I chant,  
    For some kind Muse, perchance, to heed,  
Who of her charity should grant  
    The lyre, the skill, I sorely need.

## “PORT AFTER STORMIE SEAS”

*(From the Italian of Carlo Maggi)*

THE wearied flesh, sad face and wan of chere,  
The failing breath, and dimmer waxen eyne,  
But tokens seeme that now I drawe anear  
The haven from this mortall storm and tyne.  
Swete solace of near reste do I divyne,  
Who, if my keele have plowed no vastie sea,  
In my brieft course mette muchell care and  
    pyne—  
Tho’ brieft, in soothe, crooked pathwaie ne’er  
    mote be.

As one who longed-for shore at laste doth see,  
With soft desyre of peace, and calmer thought,  
Attunes his hearte to loved tranquillitie :  
Soe I, who come forwearied, strife-o’er-  
    wrought,  
Furl sailes to youthly wanderings overpast :  
Now land I sight, and now strike sparre and  
    maste.

## A COMPLEYNTE TO PITIE

(From the German of I. Bauernfeld)

WHAN that her litel child in erthe was leyde,  
Wo was his moder more than eny wight,  
Ful mochel sorwe and waymenting she made,  
For ever in oon she wept whyl day was bryght,  
And waked aye and wept the wery nyght;  
Til sone ther cam and stood biside her bedde  
The litel child, y-clad in deth-wede whyte,  
Al wan of chere, and unto her he seyde:

*“ My liebe moder, cease as now to wepe  
And leye thee doun, nor lenger weyle thy smerte  
Sin, whyle thou wakest thus, I may not slepe,  
For, sestow, al, y-dreynt my smale sherte  
With bitter teres from thy swete yën sterte.”*

This seyde, he passeth, and his moder dere,  
For verray rewthe that renneth in her herte,  
Nil wepe no more, but stinteth everich tere.

## OUT OF HEARING

No need to hush the children for her sake,  
Or fear their play :  
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not  
wake.

'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll  
take,

Betide what may.

No need to hush the children for her sake ;  
Even if their glee could yet again outbreak  
So loud and gay,  
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not  
wake.

But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make  
This many a day :

No need to hush the children. For her sake  
So still they bide and sad, her heart would  
ache

At their dismay.

## OUT OF HEARING

She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake  
To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake  
Small heed they'd pay.

No need to hush the children for her sake :  
She will not wake, mavrone, she will not  
wake.

## ON LISNADARA

ON Lisnadara soft, full soft, falls sleep  
Ere dreams begin,  
When down the fading hills slow shadows creep  
To shut them in,  
With all their fields enfolden, hushed and stilled  
From steep to steep,  
Whose secret, till the east shine amber-silled,  
Grey mists shall keep.

For blithe the morn with flower of flame  
would break,  
And radiance spilled,  
That round a shimmering shore flushed all the  
lake  
Rose-red, and filled  
The glen with latticed lights, while strange  
soothsay  
The breezes spake :

## ON LISNADARA

How sure our morrow young as yesterday  
Should yonder wake,  
And, kindling crystal-clear across the dew  
A wonder-way,  
Lead forth thereon old joyance wrought anew  
In faëry ray.  
Nor need a whit to fear when dusk bereaves  
Of form and hue  
The drowsy world, and builds dim walls and  
eaves  
Our sight to mew,  
Bound with most gentle spell, whose magic  
shed  
White slumber weaves,  
Careless as laps a feather-fended head  
Among close leaves.

Yet if the years at last teach bitter lore  
In sweet joy's stead,  
Each glad hour grown a pearl, with grudging  
sore  
Slipped from the thread ;



## ON LISNADARA

Yea, when long slopes of fiery-fronded fern  
    Thrill to heart's core  
Grief for the day whose embers withering burn  
    To bloom no more ;  
And footsteps, strayed on lonely paths afar,  
    No more shall turn,  
Beyond the faint blue heights that hope debar  
    And patience spurn ;  
And streams, sped by with many a chiming  
    leap,  
    But silence mar,  
Where listeners fain would hear athwart night's  
    deep  
    Some echoing star—  
So wild the cry that answer ne'er hath won  
    From Fate's stern keep :  
Yet, yet a peace shall be indeed begun  
    With shadows' sweep,  
And rest for hearts worn wearier than to weep  
    Bring set of sun ;  
For soft on Lisnadara, soft falls sleep,  
    When dreams are done.

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